

FVNERALL ELEGIES,

UPON THE MOST
VNTIMELY DEATH OF
the Honourable and most hopefull,
Mr. JOHN STANHOPE, Sonne
and Heire to the Right Honourable
PHILIP Lord STANHOPE,
Baron of *Shelford*:

VVHO DECEASED IN
Christ-church at OXFORD,
the 18. of July, 1623.



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MDCXXIV.

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Longer period
Middle Paleolithic



Ad Lectorem.

Officiosus Amor lachrimas effudit ab urna
Quam raptim ingestas Musa latere velit,
Melpomenen mærore suo ne crede superbam:
Fastum ô quid nescit, si modoluctus habet?
Tu solum expendas, quanta est huic causa dolori,
Cum sapiat, quasi nunc prompta, Querela vetus.

1
P. G. P. A. S. A. M. S. 1880.

1880.

1880.



IN
AMICISSIMVM
MEVM.

GEmma domus nostræ, Musarum dulcis ocellæ
Flos Parnassiæ, deliciæq; chori, (bram,
Defunctum sequor obsequijs, complector & um-
Heu quot corporibus dignior umbra tua est?
Non est fictus amor, non est umbratilis ardor,
3 Umbra places, videar corporis umbra tui.

Henricus Percy,
Comitis Northum-
briæ Filius.

A 3

And

And hast thou left vs then (Deare Soule?) must wee
Comfort our eyes, no more beholding thee?
Wouldst thou bee so much a proficient here,
To learne to dye so soone in thy first yeere?
Wouldst thou be thus a Graduate, to shine
In Heauen already, and there turne Diuine?
Such a degree, whose luster quite defaces
All our silke Hoods, and Academicke graces.
Sure Death mistooke thee; measuring thee a man
By thy Soules Elle, not by thy bodies Span.
Hadst thou beene duller, thou perchance mightst haue
Gone but a slow and foot-pace to thy graue:
The Itch of Fate had not bin stir'd: the Skies
Would not so grcedy snatch so meane a prize:
Thy quicknes kild thee, ripenes was thy death,
Running to goodnes, thou ranst out of breath.
How didst thou pitch beyond thy yeeres! how sage,
How wise, how staid, how elder than thy age!
What manly grauity was knowne to house,
More in thy smooth then others wrinckled browes?
Farre different from the common Nobler sort,
That here for fashion onely come and sport,
To weare a gawdy Gowne! and then with ease
Peruse the Streets, and learne the Colledges,
Scrape some few ends of Iests, wherewith hereafter
To branch discourse, and entertaine a laughter!
That nere reach further than the mysticall
Science of *Tennis*, and (their Spheare) the Ball;
Or else to weild some Fencers woodden toole,
Or sweat a Night-cap in the Dancing-schoole.
To cracke a Lute-string, and such worthy Arts,

In others, Complements, in great men, parts.
Thy Studies were more serious as thy lookes,
While others Bandyed thou wast tossing Bookes,
Busied in Paper, and collecting there,
Gemmest to sticke in thy mind, not in thine eare.
Me thinks I see thee yet close by thy selfe,
Reaching some choyce Booke from thy furnisht shelfe,
Loose the silke strings, and with a willing paine,
To read, and thinke, and write, and read againe.
Thus didst thou spend thy lifes short day, till night,
Deaths night oretooke thee, and put out thy light.
This fable Curtaine was too soone orespred,
Thy day-taske done, to bring thee to thy bed.
Yet happy soule, whose first night did begin
In Death, vndarkned with the night of sinne.

4
E. R.

VT nova subsiliunt acciso germina trunco,
Et reficit pennæ damna cadentis olor;
Sic ubi Matris honor cecidit Stanhopea proles,
Sarcina mox orbam non sinit esse nova.
Primitias vteri, quæ cælo debita sors est,
Soluisti Mater. quid potes inde queri?
At Calum excabit fætum, similemque reponit,
Num potes hoc damnum dicere? munus erat.
Qui sic interiit, non interiisse videtur
Natalem fato, sed reparasse suo.

Ier. Thorp. Art Mag.
ex Æde Christi.

Funerall



A Funerall Elegie.



S for a teadious famine, or a siege
Threatning vs al, our coūtry & our Liege:
So do we grieue for thee, each neighbour
Weeps to the indangering of an eye; (b)

As if the losse were his, or he had sold
His Patrimony, and had spent the gold.

*Spanish Currantoes, Brunswicke, and the fate
And Massacres of the Palatinate,*

In this spring tide, and flood of grieve are lost,
As raine drops in a streame, that in the vast
Ocean, this hath so fill'd our hearts,eyes,eares,
That we want fence of other cares then these.

If in a drowth this accident had beene,
Thou hadst not, Fate, committed such a sinne.

he peoples tribute had repair'd the losse

Of the mad dog-starres fury, and this crosse ;
For with their teares the parched earth had beene,
As after plent'ous raine,fruitfull and greene.

By shold heauens drops now longer mixe with ours,
But these vnited conduits, doubled shoures,

Trent would vnruyl grow, and his proud waues
Would make our habitations then our graues.

As the sunne snow : so grieve melts vs, and you,
Wherese're we goe, may tract vs by our dew.

The State-men of this losse such notice take,

R

They

They'le not doe businesse, 'till they'ue wept for's sake.
 With these Inferiors ioyne, from th' Collyers eye
 You may take inke to write an Elegie,
 And in their fields of hay the Countrey-men
 Doe weepe, as if they'd haue it grow againe.
 Our sinne hath bred this crosse : so *Adams* vice
 Did disinherite him of Paradise.
 His death of ours, nay vnborne Babes will misse,
 And feele his absence. who had brought a blisse
 To them, to all of them. For as we see
 A goodly, spreading, large, and well-limbd tree
 Doth guard the vnderwood, and doth immure
 The houses neere, which by it are secure ;
 So from all tempest, from all rage of winde
 He would haue fenc'd his neighbours, and haue shin'd
 Like Lights in Watch-towres, which are set to saue
 Passengers from Rockes, and fury of the Waue.
 This may coniectur'd bee, from what we saw,
 His youth did beare, and promise. For if by
 The foote of *Hercules* with Geometrie
 His true proportion was collected, may
 Not we on the same grounds proceed, and say
 On sight of the foundation, this had beene
 As faire an edifice as e're was seene,
 If 't had gone on : it is prophane to say,
 The Builder wanted skill, and stufse to lay
 A perfect roofe on what he had began,
 And could not end this Master-piece of Man,
 And therefore dasht it out, Wee all doe know
 We were vnworthy of so great a flow,
 And streme of goodnesse, that his innocence
 Long since deseru'd to bee remouued hence :
 Wherefore true Iustice plac'd Him neere the Throne

In heauen of one in three, of three in one.
 His life was spotlesse : as his sicknesse grew,
 So did his zeale and calmenesse : all is true
 In him, which Poets by hyperboly
 Giue their choyce friends to make their memory.
 Immortall. Like a thankefull streame he ran
 To pay his debt vnto the Ocean.
 His Monuments of Learning were bestow'd
 Where he had his. He paid what ere he ow'd ;
 Obedience to his Parents, Loue to all,
 Repentance, death for's sinnes in generall.

Verè lugentis Pietas.

Q Væ Fata quondam cecinit Henrici, tibi
 Modò Musa, magne Iuuenis, exequias parat.
 Documenta mors maiora nunquam virium
 Dedit suarum, simile non potest malum,
 Ruina similis, Carolo superflite
 Salvoque rege, & integro cultu Dei,
 Accidere nobis: lector istorum benè est
 Si conualecat: deficit mihi spiritus.

G. I.

R Edde ô Depositum Patri petenti,
 Redde ô Depositum diserta sedes ;
 Tanti non emo Literas, nec Antrum,
 Et Phæbi Tripodas, Deumque totum.
 Illum sub dubij tepercus sensus,
 Et fuscâ biuij trementis horâ
 Luctantem, toties Lare in Paterno
 Emersisse, semel nec inde nostro ?
 Illum tendiculas manumque Fati
 Prensantis toties cauere posse,
 Ut damni mora fæneraret ingens
 Huic aura scelus, inuidumque nomen

Seruaret miseris ruina Musis ?
 Nunc iras veteres palam fatentur,
 Musis ab nimis asperæ sorores,
 Musis, irrita quod Sepulchra reddunt,
 Et fallunt tenebras silentis Vrnæ.

Iam fato cecidit Triumphus ingens,
 Non vulgare epulum rogium saginat,
 Sed Prænobile, quodque delicato
 Reddat iam proceres sapore vermes.
 Cymbam nunc inopem rosis & alga
 Nauclerus Stygiæ paludis ornat,
 Ornat sollicitus ; magisque sudat,
 Quam si nunc reduci foros pararet
 Æneæ, Dominæque nauiganti.

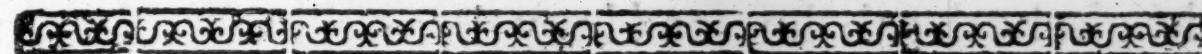
Illo quot Veneres, Facetiasque
 Vernantes licuit videre vultu ?

Quot pexomulierculas in Ore,
 Et quantos animo viros adulto ?
 Fno non potuit iacere telo
 Virtus tam numerosa ; sed tenella
 Centum pectore condidit sagittas
 Fati certa lues : Charæcter iræ
 Dum vestigia vulnerum fatetur
 (Seu morbus fuerat, Pudorùè Morbi,) Crebris morsibus hinc & hinc rubescit.
 Absumptum est iaculis repente pectus,
 Et posse pharetram vocare metam ; Non sic fæmina spinulis refertum
 Puluillum iugulat, veneficæque
 Humanas fodiunt acu figuræ : Non tot vulnera, tot per omne corpus
 Cæsar sustinuit, quot ille solo
 Sensit corde puer, Puerque spreuit

Ingens

*Ingens pectore, iamque vulnerato :
 Qui quamuis puer, ausus est minantes
 Non pallere Deas, ferociamque
 Ostentare viri, tuamque Cæsar,
 Dum stratis operit pudicus ora
 Obnubitque sinum ! ferox, & acer !
 Quem vinci puduit iubente Fato !*

Gulielmus Strode Art. Bac.



SLeepe, sweetest youth, in thy still graue,
 Whom birth nor vertue could not saue,
 Nor louelinesse nor youth could free,
 From this doome of mortality.
 Could we with teares thy life redeeme,
 Our eyes should be a liuing streme :
 Or else what would wee not contriue
 To giue, so heauen would thee repriue
 To older yeeres, and would thee saue
 Till old, thou might' st become a graue?
 Thou might' st depart then without wonder,
 When soule and body fall asunder.
 But thou wast louely, young, and wise,
 The comfort of our hopes and eyes ;
 Could Death discerne thy parts, or see,
 Hee had enamored beene on thee :
 Thy beauty would force him forbear
 His churlish dart, and shead a teare ;
 To see so faire an obiect stand,
 That loue and pitty could command ;
 And force compassion in each one,

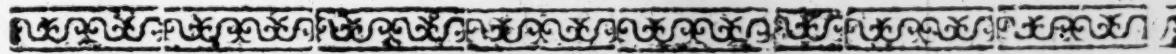
That had or sence, or passion.
 But thou wast ripe for heauen, and wee
 Are left behind, to grieue for thee :
 Nor are we angry with that doome.
 Could wee weepe Amber, and entombe
 Those louely Reliques, which might blesse
 Our sorrow in thy happinesse ;
 That so our teares might thee embrace,
 And shrine thee in a louely place,
 So they vnto eternity
 Might both enbalm, and bury thee :
 Could we thus blesse our grieve, and thee,
 Wee should weepe a glad Elegy.
 Had we such comfort in our teares,
 We'd weepe the remnant of our yeres,
 To halfe redeeme thee, could wee saue
 Thy ashes in so rich a graue.
 Though this is but a wished gift,
 Yet grieve can make a louing shift,
 And know our loue can make a roome,
 As euerlasting as this Tombe.
 In spight of death, wee will thee saue,
 Both from the fate of death, and graue:
 Thy loue shall find, though life's thus spent,
 In each mans heart a Monument.
 Thus wee'le preserue thee, and contrive,
 Though dead, thou still shalt bee aliue.

Inuidia Fati, prima surrepta iuventa,
 Hic iacet Oxonij gloria, delitiae.
 Hunc populo indignum Musa rapuere benigno
 Amplexu, & gremio deposuere suo.
 Formam tota cohors Musarum deperit, ambit :

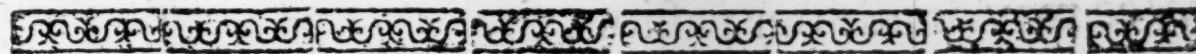
Æternum-

Æternumque aiunt, Hoc requiesce sinu.
 Annorum sp̄ondent faciles per s̄ecula lapsus
 Dum rapit audaci mōrs inopina manu.
 Inuidiam hanc rident Musæ, tumuloque reponunt
 Carmineo, inuita & viuere morte iubent.
 Sic quem mortalem Parcæ inuidere Cmamænis
 Æternum in nostro carmine tatus erit.

Gulielmus Pickering, Art. Bac.



De morbo quo fratres vtriq; laborabant.
 Corpora tam similes uestesque habuere colores,
 Corpora nescires, an tunicata vides.
 Tam similes vtrique dedit morbusque figuræ,
 Fratres vel morbo noueris esse duos.
 Sic morbi obseruant habitus; conformia Fata
 Si fuerant, fratres viuere vtrisque velint.
 Ioh. Euans Gen. Art. Bac.



Q Vam fueras fratri morbo præposterus hæres,
 Ut viuat titulis posthumus ille tuis?
 Iam nimius fueras Hæres, natura Paren sis
 Hæredem, fratri te tua Fata volunt,
 Credibile est mortem tum lasciuissæ pharetra,
 Dum sic alternas vibrat vtrisque minas.
 Non errare potest dubiæ manus impia mortis,
 Dum pro fratre mori gestit vterque prior.
 Dum sic Bacchatur, Fatum est crudelius, alter
 Fratri morbus erat te perijisse suo.
 Petr. Aspley in Art. Bac. Equitis Aur. &
 Turris Londini præfect. primogenitus.
 'Tis

Tis indeed, tis *Stanhopes* heire,
 Whose corps lye muffled on this Beere :
 (Which a pure loue, before it went,
 Ennobled more then his descent)
 But count his vertues, not his yeeres,
 Or ghesse him by his Fathers teares,
 And then no Son or Heir's desir'd,
 But th' whole Name and Race expir'd.
 Nor doth his death cause this our woe,
 (Death's our nature, not our foe)
 But that his life so soone being gone,
 Made him a ghest, and not a sonne ;
 That hee snatchedt in's minoritie
 Did rather loose his life, then die.
 And now, his yeeres being vnderstood
 To be so short, and yet so good,
 Wee may diuide our passions so,
 That we may grieue, yet wonder too.
 His wit so ripe in youth so greene,
 Made him ancient at fifteene ;
 And now you see his face no more,
 You would date him at threescore.
 But if you would memorials keepe
 Of this faire body lies asleepe,
 That, looking on the toyes you weare,
 Though hee bee gone, you'd thinke him heere :
 First know, you do this soule no grace,
 To catch his Ribbands, or his Lace,
 Or (as the Iewes did heretofore)
 To keepe his Earerings to adore:

If

If for his memory you care,
 Weare his manners, not his haire.
 Thinke on him in his latest rest,
 When death had spawnd vpon his brest,
 And hurl'd those deadly Atomes on,
 Enamel'd with corruption,
 How still that hamelesse soule remaind
 Among so many spots, vnstaind.
 O why was Fate so soone feuere,
 T'enchase those vgly Rubies there?
 Nor will we mitigate the name,
 And call them Measels; for the same
 Were on the brothers body tride,
 Nor yet complain wee that hee died;
 Or how could Pin-dust, cast on's skin,
 Cause his death to enter in?
 Nor would then his Physicians skill
 Suffer such Fleabites for to kill.
 No, this was fatall, twas his lōt
 That from euery little spot,
 Should be drawne a line athwart
 To the Center of his heart.
 Or else God from some higher place,
 Seeded Manna on his face;
 And sure tis so, or else hee'd ne're
 Haue put him in this Omer heere.
 Then let's now no more lament
 The dead, (whose life so wel was spent,
 That now for land, hee heauen doth share,
 By his death a greater Heire)
 But our selues: for sure tis worse,
 To bee the Mourner then the Coarse.

Thomas Lockey, Art. Bac.

C

Ergone

Ergone non auidos Musarum expalluit haustus
 Ille puer, salso strenuus ore loqui?
 Ergone non imas puduit redolere lucernas,
 Ut damno afficeret mox grauiore Patrem?
 Siccine selegit mors illum ex omnibus unum?
 Illum, delitiae qui modo Patris erat?
 Dissimulare Pater iam discas, v& tibi, Fata
 Inuida si norint, quis tibi charus erit.

Looke on his body chequered o're with spots,
 Looke on his soule vtainted with such blots.
 His purer part is frighted at each sore,
 Two Twins were neuer so vnlike before.
 What wonder if a sudden parting bee,
 Where thus the soule and body disagree?

Edwardus Croke, Art. Bac.

And is our griefe so large? can't be confin'd
 To Place, to Time, but showne to all mankind?
 Must wee remooue his Corps, and so conuey
 Our Thames to Trent, and weare another way
 With teares? to dally with our griefe, & beare
 About our losse, as if wee playd with feare?
 Where doth this iourny after lifes iourny tend,
 This trauaile after death, this endlesse end?
 Resting he moues; and dead he stil doth rowle,
 As if his body went to seeke his soule:
 'T was not because we partners seeke of griefe,
 The greatest sorrowes seldome craue relief.
 Let's then diuide our woes, and let each care

Enoy

Enjoy that want, and in such sorrow share.
 Tis fit (though heere hee died) that countreys wombe
 That gaue him life, should likewise bee his Tombe:
 To die, and to bee buried in one place,
 Besemes common mortality, his race
 Merits no captiue rites, then let our losse
 Bee as diffusive as his goodnesse was.
 What though hee trace mortality, and dye?
 Death's a Refiner of Nobility:
 And in a fresher mould, and purer fire,
 Blazons him in a fairer Character.
 This were an honest comfort, if being dead,
 Our griefe could haue their obiect buried:
 If wee onely with our mem'ry did beare,
 And with those eies alone to thinke him here.
 But loe, here's part of him, which doth extend
 His life beyond his life, nor doth death end
 Himselfe, though halfe himselfe, for now in this
 We both do view, although one whole we misse.
 Nor doe we here retaine a Light so cleare,
 As when two Suns pac'd in one Hemispheare,
 Nor doe Tyndarides diuided shine
 So bright, as when they both their Lights combine:
 When two are link't and parted, then wee may
 An obscure twilight call it, and no day.
 Memorials of the good, and Pictures doc
 Restore our griefe, and make vs loue our woe.
 So when wee see his Brothers shape, these lips,
 These eyes of his, these cheeke, that face, it strips
 Vs of our sence, and foorthwith makes vs frame,
 That tis no Brother, Picture, but the same:
 And writes his Name afresh, lest griefe should dyes
 Each limbe of his speakes his mortality.

This is our ioy, our griefe, that wee request
Almost of that loue to bee dispossess.

His yeeres I neede not computate, since Fate
His riper vertues, not his yeeres doth date,
Which who so dares to number, must confess
Hee slanders, by commending happinesse.
But's richer soule wee must admire, not praise
That groser Heraldry despaires to blaze.

Adored Saint, or more, if more there bee
Of thy blest Reliques onely knowne to thee ;
Wee doe confess th'art gone, and yet our losse
If told, is vnderualued, so grosse,
So young are our complaints, that wee lament
In petty Notions, sorrowes rudiment :
Our infant teares yet knowes not all our woe,
Because wee knewe not all that was to growe
In him, a graft all hope, but riper yeeres
Shall teach vs how to parallell our teares,
And so improoue wee may, (as hee did grow
In vertue) dayly thriuing in our woe.
Can then that Riuer which by thee doth slide,
Bee so vnmindfull, not to bee full Tide,
And not ore-flow his bounds ? O be so good
To saue a wonder, lest wee force a flood ;
Swell thou (*Meander* streames) let flow thy teares,
Better proportioned to our fruitfull feares ;
Or let that Dog-starre cause thee to bee spent,
As't did his life, our eyes shall weepe a Trent,
And make his Tombe an Iland, thou shalt bee
(Shelford) more famous for mortality.
And thou the Wel-spring, which with Arts didst flow,
(Bereaued Oxford) be a well of woe.

Let Future times this first note learne of thee,
Here dyed a *Stanhope*. Thus thou learn'd may bee.

VEE doe not here examine why
His Tutor suffred him to die,
As if his watchfulnesse had slept :
For sure hee was by *Argos* kept,
And had hee not a *Stanhope* beene,
Hee might his Natures Tutor seeme :
But wee question that which forc't
God and man to bee diuorc't.
That first Question, that Where, that Why,
That sentenc'd first our soules to dye.
If fruit now haue that power of death,
As in the child-hood of the earth,
Which Fruit to cloake we Leaues put on,
Cloth'd with our owne transgression.
No, know his soule so pure, so good,
And how corruption it withstand'd ;
That needed almost had his skinne
Rather to bee baptiz'd then sinne.
Though Cherries sowne in such a place,
That what hee ate, hee wore in's face,
Yet euery twinkling spot did lye
Like Starres, but in a fairer Skie ;
Such beauty might the Moone remoue,
Sooner then *Endymions* loue.
And from his kisse her light to come,
Rather then from that common Sun.
If then Measels spangled thus,
Imbroidered his face no worse ;
If his disease so modest bee,
And blush at it's owne cruelty ;

Then what may his beauty claime,
 Whom his sickenesse thus became ;
 And in the twilight of his dayes,
 Chequ'red his countenance with Rayes,
 Presaging like a rubyed night,
 The Sunne awak't to shine more bright ?

If then our griefe bee not at height,
 Behold his Fathers sorrowes weight,
 Whose heauy iourney wing'd with feares,
 Cauf'd his body sweat with teares,
 And each officious limbe turn'd eye,
 Claiming their duty for to cry :
 And well I thinke all eye was hee,
 That in a double night did see,
 Nor will I euer that approoue,
 When thus it sees that blind is loue :
 For fatherly affection may,
 Though it bee night, create a day.

Now with an honest heresie,
 I could renounce Philosophy,
 That seeing thus their passions knit,
 His Father did his soule beget,
 And if it were not so, then why
 Did's Fathers Fate teach him to dye,
 And by his Propheticke death,
 Make him's Heire in's losse of breath :
 So that alone, which had the might
 To part them, did them co-vnite ?

Nor doth goodnessse cease with breath,
 See liberality after death,
 Gilding each Parish as they fall,
 (For each place claimes his Funerall)
 Where he raines a siluer shoure,

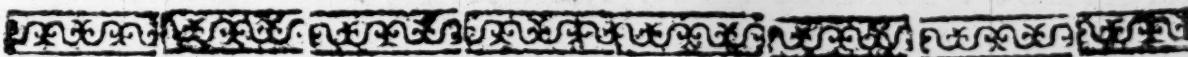
Making each Towne like *Danæs Towre*.

Or as a snaile which neuer more
Returns the way sh'ath gone before,
Christals the path where shee doth passe,
To signifie there her way was.

Nor any other Tombe shee'le haue
But her shell, her house her graue:
So will *Stanhope* no where lye,
But where hee had's nativity.

Though Ægypt claimes hee died in her,
Yet Canaan must his bones interre.

Richardus Chaworth, Art. Bac.


IS *Stanhope* dead : and are our eyes yet dry :
 Can wee out-face our griefe so constantly :
 Doth not hard-hearted Athens yet lament,
 That is depriu'd of such an Ornament,
 A Sonne and a *Mecenas* : Can shee find
 One that deseru'd so well that's left behind :
 Mourne then sad Athens, and in memory
 Of such a hopefull Sonne, weepe out an eye :
 Doe something, that posterity may know,
 So great a losse cannot bee smother'd so :
 And you sad Brothers, whose yet weeping eyes
 Threaten a flood of teares, whose memories
 Are yet fresh-gauld with sorrow, whose hearts weepe
 Channels of blood for teares, whose cheeke yet keep
 The furrowed gutters where their sorrow flowes,
 Whose foreheads are the ensignes of their woes,
 Make him a verse or two, let him not dye,
 And perish quite from the worlds memory,
 Hurle something into feet, and let it runne

Madding

Madding abroade, to tell what Death hath done.
 Had hee this entertainment when hee came
 To honour Athens? might not *Stanhope's* Name
 Haue priuiledg'd him from death? could Shelford giue
 Him to himselfe? and send him heere to liue?
 And must wee giue him death? must Athens prooue
 A Step-mother, and quite forget to loue?
 Yet thus much let vs honour him, though dead,
 Let him bee honourably buried;
 Yet that's not all; wee must not leaue him thus,
 Our sorrow must bee more ingenious.
 One that deseru'd to liue so long as he,
 Must not bee hasten'd to his destiny.

Thus farre his death hath brought him: let vs striue
 To reinfomre him, that hee may reviue,
 And thus much crosse the Fates, that thus much durst
 To make him liue, when they haue done their worst.
 Let vs record his vertues, which deseru'd
 To bee ingrauen in gold, or bee reseru'd
 In trusty Cædar, which when wee are dead,
 Among our childrens children may bee read;
 Where some may ioy to heare them told, and some
 May lispe them out as they were taught at home.
 They neede not feare mis-reckoning, hee had all,
 And all hee thought a number too too small.
 Hee was an heauen on earth, in whom combin'd
 His vertues like a Constellation shin'd:
 In which each starre prickt with a iealous feare,
 Did striue to bee the glory of his Spheare:
 His Noble birth shin'd like a Ruby set
 To bee the grace of a rich Cabbinet;
 His education shaddowing it o're,

So well becom'd it, that it shin'd the more.
 His pretty and ingenuous face did looke
 Like the good Title of an honest Booke :
 His comely shape, which did become him best,
 Look't like the Sanctuary of the rest:
 As if the patterne were some Deity,
 Which Nature coppied his perfections by.
 Vertues amazed with a fond delight,
 Gazing and doting at so sweet a sight :
 At length with full embraces did oppresse
 This Microcosme, or world of happiness.
 Where with an emulating industry,
 Each shewing an obsequious Piety,
 Labour'd to better Nature, and goe on
 With that rare work which nature had begun.
 His affable and willing Courtesy
 Claim'd vpper hand of his Nobility,
 He was right Noble, borne of *Stanhopes* blood,
 But was thrice Noble, being borne so good.
 His courteous salutings seem'd to bee
 Notable Emblemes of humility :
 His heart was like his eyes, which towr'd so high,
 They stoopt not to the lure of vanity.
 Doe yee not wonder yet? then stay and see
 His learning ballanc'd with his infancy ;
 Marke but how young hee was, how ripe in wit,
 His learning him, and hee had honour'd it :
 Hee needes not Armes to shew his Ancestry,
 That was so Noble by's owne Heraldry :
 Neither need Logicke prooue hee was a man,
 When he could proue as much as logicke can.
 Could hee bee idle, that with easie paines
 Summon'd each Coast, & call'd them by their names?

Wanted he knowledge, whose Minority
 Durst be acquainted with Philosophy ?
 Speake, art thou yet so stupid, to deny
 That he was too good for Mortality ?
 He was growne old in goodnes, and could see
 The way to heauen, cuen in his Infancie.

Henricus Humberston, Art. Bac.

*Vpon the custome to pay to euery Parish, through
 which the dead Corps is carried.*

Why ist you stop our rites, as though a Dearth
 Of Pence had made new ferry-mē on earth ?
 And ist such charges for to dye, that wee
 By Water and by Land too pay a Fee ?
 Why with such strictnesse, doe you aske your pay,
 As though you bargain'd for the Kings High-way ?
 I thought at least our Carkasse might haue bin
 Quiet in Death, in that our latest Inne.
 Or that naild Coffins, or vnwrapped Lead,
 From all vexation safe had kept the dead.
 Let him in peace walke to his silent Cauē,
 To the long solemne progresse of his graue :
 Trouble not his Procession : for ye
 Him this way wandring neuer more shall see.
 He comes not to possesse your grounds or lands,
 Or an your Tenements to seaze his hands ;
 He is no Court-messenger, to take in
 Lodgings or house-roome for the State or King :
 Hee's but's owne Harbinger to prouide roome,
 E'ne for a little earth, sixe foote of Tombe :

Then

Then let him passe, vntroubled with those feares,
And wee will follow after with our teares.

O let's wrap one teare vp, to shew his Hearse,
Hee cannot bee so soone forgot : a Verse,
Well spent, Embalmes him richer then the cost
Of precious oyntment on his body lost:
Which onely for the Wormes perfumes his flesh,
And makes it but more handsome rottennesse :
But this doth quicken Fame, and this doth raise
A volume of sorrow for after-dayes,
That men, ten Ages hence, may weepe to see
Such hopefull Plants, such thriuing grafts as hee,
So young, and yet so full of age, so good,
To feele vntimely blasting in the bud.
As though 'twere Natures pride to deale with vs,
As Mothers with their foward Infants vse,
Who bribe them quiet with a costly Iemme,
But being still, doe steal't away agen.
The world was peeuiish, foward, till to light
Was brought this rich, this high-priz'd Margarite ;
Which being seene, gaz'd on, and wondred at,
Was reconuaid to Heauen, its proper seat,
Where Angels ware it, any blest powers it set
In their owne truely-glorious Cabinet.
No sooner had we seene this Iemme, but see
The want thereof, such happiness haue wee,
So blessed are we ; O what greater ill,
To haue had good, and not to haue it still.
How we renew our griefe : how prone we bee
To shead new teares, as often as we see
Thy Fellow-Brother sadly walke alone,
Without a like-clad Brother, too well knowne ?
What pitty 'tis to part the Turtle Doue

From his Mate to part two Twins: for in loue
 None elder was, one soule the store-house was
 Of both affections, and though they passe
 For two, yet trust me, I did then descry
 As the same soule in a feuer'd body.
 Hee that suruiues, takes vantage by thy fall,
 To shew his last loue to thy Funerall;
 To thy memory his best griefe to giue,
 And to thy Shrine a Votary to liue,
 To offer sighs and sobs, complaints and feaers,
 And sweetly weepe foorth Elegiacke teares,
 To blame thy Physicke, & to vexe their skill,
 Which is profoundly mysticall to kill.
 And then with passion to excuse their part,
 And say the Cherries kill'd thee, not their Art:
 And truely wish that guilty cursed fruit,
 May with the Apples curse, and figtrees suite.
 That their Sodom increase blacke ashes bee
 Which more become a coffin, then a tree:
 That they ne're come to ripenes, but be snatched
 Away as greene, as thou from him art catcht.
 Thus his diuided soule, with griefe and loue
 Striues still for new, his first thoughts to remooue:
 So to thy fortunes although hee bee Heire,
 His heart and blacks alike sad Emblemes are.
 But mourne no more, his soule was due long since,
 And now vnbody'd for the Angels Prince:
 The first borne Gods Heire is, reioyce hee's gone,
 For 'twas his iustice to make him his owne.

T. Triplet, Art. Bac.

VVE that empty on thy Hearse,
 Our passions in teares or verfe,
 Will not blame thy hasty Fate,
 Nor say thou didſt not fill thy date
 Of a iuft age, leſt wee deny
 Thy vertue, her natiuity :
 And ſo by the vntimely Layes,
 Not Fate, but we abridge thy dayes.
 If wee ſearch thy lifes account,
 'Tis not to what thy yeeres amount :
 Nor calculated by thy youth,
 But by thy vertues riper growth ;
 We iudge a Circles excellencie,
 Not by the large Circumference,
 But as the compasse it doth grace,
 With an vndiſtorted pace.
 No leſſe of thy ſhort race wee ſay,
 It's drawne home the neerer way,
 Paſſing vntill it met thy Fate
 With an vnderuerted gate.
 For carried with thy grauity,
 What error could it driue awry ?
 No wonder 'tis, that oft wee know,
 A new prepoſt'rous childhood grow
 In ſuch, as vnder that age ſhake,
 Which their ſelues a burthen make :
 Let vs wonder now wee ſee
 In Childhood, ages conſtancy :
 And thinke hee not vntimely dyed,
 In whom wee ſaw this wonder tryed,
 Wee'le ſpare our passions, & our teares :
 This hath made vp thy failing yeeres.

VT poscit cineris tanto par urna parari,
 Et mole inducta nobilis urna premi,
 Hic Dirces opus est, feretro succumbat alumnus,
 Cuius non semel est sylua secuta chelyni.
 Cantilletque melos, ad saxa cienda, canorum
 Vnde tibi sterni forma supina potest.
 Nullus populeo, lachrymata cortice, myrrha.
 Subtili cælo marmora facta linet,
 Urceolis nostris lachrymas fundemus, & inde
 Cæmentum accipiet flebilis urna suum.

Thomas Fowler, Art. Bac.

Maiori succumbit Atlas iam pondere cæli,
 Et queritur sensisse nimis, miseriique lacerti
 Ceu tonitus crepitant, illos dum turba tuarum
 Virtutum concreta premit, dum mente Gygantem
 Sustentant, & naturæ compendia nostræ;
 Hic habuit solus, quicquid possedimus omnes.
 En quantum Eloquium frontis, ridentis ocelli
 Blanditiae quantæ, toto via lactea vultu
 Spirauit. Non est è viuo lacte papillæ,
 Linea cælestis, candore notabilis ipso,
 His radijs facta est. Quam prodigiosa tumentis
 Luxuria ingenij, stupefactos efficit omnes,
 Incestatque fidem. Studio fallente labore
 Furtiue fruitur, semper tantum artis honesta
 Arsit auaritia, & querenti hæc defuit illi.
 Diuinos artus macula dum fata profanant,
 Ecce Medusæo festinat præpete tristis
 Sollicitusque Pater. Numen tibi nocte diurna
 Indulget, dictatque vias. Quas vertis in undas,
 Diluuiem meditans, Ioue iam nolente, secundam.

Contendit

Contendit pro morte Pater, sibi vendicat euo :
 O quam magnus amor, si haec sit discordia sola
 Discordes habuisse metus : hic illius, ille
 Huius Fata timet : Quædam est victoria Patris,
 Sæpeque præmoritur : quasi sollicitare petebat
 Christum etiam in cælis, ut saluum redderet illum
 Prodigio, sic sic istum valuisse deceret.

Io. Dawson, Art. Bac.

De variolis, quibus infestus obijt, &
 in morbum relapsu.

Cum Puer, hosce lues premeret vibicibus Artus,
 Placatisque fores Stellio numinibus,
 Non tulit illa suæ natura pericula sortis,
 Et repulit morbi versicoloris opus.
 Conatus libuit modicos contemnere, donec
 Constitit, heu, nimios delituisse dolos.
 Parthica fraus morbi (nimis heu tibi Barbarus hostis)
 Tela retro misit, plus nocuitque fuga.
 Sic vitæ strategema tua Fata pararant :
 (Te visa est Fatis vita parasse tuis)
 Fælices animæ, quarum consortia cælum
 Ambit, ut haud pigeat composuisse dolos.
 Conticet Idæum iam tandem fabula raptum,
 Repperit Achetypum cum Ganymedis amor.

Geo. Griffith, in Art. Bac.

I Cannot weepe for griefe, in men wee prooue
 Teares to bee Embleames but of childrens loue :
 Ner

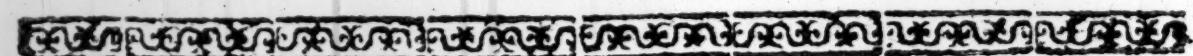
Nor is't but bastard sorrow which we show,
 When we on Funerals Cakes and Wine bestow
 More thoughts, than on the buried, then alone,
 When we not plumpe for teares, we truely mone.
 So truely mone I thee, who, ere thou died,
 At once wert Natures, and thy Fathers pride.
 Kings, Queenes, and Princes of their Comets haue
 As Tragicall fore-runners of their graue :
 The Sunne it selfe, as in the West it stood
 Vshring thy face, lookt like a globe of blood,
 Not two houres ere thou dyedst; and they say,
 His frighted Orbe would faine haue run away,
 Wer't not hedg'd in with Planets, three and three,
 On either side, for feare't should be too free :
 O that thy soule, like th' Sunne in his owne Spheare,
 Had still remain'd; then friends, without a teare,
 Might both haue seene, and hug'd thee, then yet might
 Oxford and Shelford haue enjoy'd their light.
 But Fate preuents my wishes, and now see
 Ioues Royall Bird, the soules first resedy,
 Not naturally to heauen ascending,
 But by Arts faigned miracle, pretending
 A better flight: thinke how the other three,
 Allyed in Name and Consanguinity,
 All Heires deceas'd, doe gratulate this one,
 In making there a Constellation,
 Like to *Deltoton*, which before might be
 Th'vnhappy Dog-starre, 'cause there was but three.
 But as from *Phænix* ashes springs another,
 So out of thine an Heire, a younger Brother.
 But what's the comfort, when each Chaire & Board,
 Like breathing Ghosts, cry out their former Lord :
 If that for freer Ayre, he chance to walke

Amongst

Amongst the curled wood, trees seeme to stalke.
 Each thing renewes his brothers memory,
 Or seemes his brother: If the stremes thereby
 Whisper, hee thinkes they call him, straightway feares
 And striues to make a greater flood with teares:
 Perhaps the harmelesse flowres doe kisse his feete,
 Hee thinkes they mocke him, goes to th'open streete,
 Where as hee walkes, beleuees each tongue and eye
 To speake and looke his Brothers destiny.
 A Lethargie's on mee, nor can I write
 Whats Poet-like, while I conceiue this spite
 Of vniust Fortune, yet I cease to brawle:
 A Satyre ill becomes a Funerall.
 If euer it did thine, the Poets braine
 Could ne're inuent such a malignant straine
 As fortune acts on thee, while thou preuent
 The Dog-dayes Physicke in deaths punishment:
 Thy face may rebeget in th'Mothers Wombe,
 A Monster fram'd of grieve, whose liuing Tombe
 Shall bee the hearts of all that doe lament
 To see this Coffin, this Heires Tenement.
 I dare not cease, lest iudg'd by my owne feares,
 To bee as thrifty of my lines as teares;
 Yet who respects them, stones doe sweat and weepe
 Other mens sorrowes, but when those that sleepe,
 Awake and know neglect of friends, they then
 Will gratifie more Marble stones then men.
 But feare not thou, hee that shall euer see
 Thy Brothers shaddow, sure will thinke it thee:
 Thou liuest in him though dead, and as thou dyed,
 Thou seemest to dye in iest, so sweetly lyed
 Each colour in his owne place, fear'd to part
 Thinking thou imitat'st a Players Art.

But now they're vanish't, yet thou art not farre,
 A Planet here, aboue a fixed Starre.
 Thou, though an Heire, wert but an earthly clod,
 Yet Death hath made thee more; an Heire with God.

Thomas Motershead, Art. Bac.



Terra, & sepulchrum, funus, & lachrymabreues,
 Et complementum quodq; plebeiae necis
 Procul recedant; fortis et doctus dolor
 Emanet oculis, spiret & musam nisi
 Totus virilis, plenus & dignus Deo.
 Aeternitati, noster, atq; umbræ pia,
 Litet Poeta, carminis vires sui
 Hinc musuetur hinc, quibus vitam dedit
 Ipsum cadauer (melius ab daret sibi)
 Sumus arguento docti, at & nobis tamen
 Hoc istud aufers; victor at quare procul
 Frater recedit? Mors in hunc vires suas
 Experta, victa est, igitur in fratrem ruens.
 Pudore rubuit, & verecundo dolo
 Intus recedens, occupat cordis sinum,
 Et se fateri metait, hinc audax foras
 Egressus ipse est, addit & morbo suo
 Cerasi ruborem, (cuius insidias A.D.A.M.
 Non ipse fugeret) mortis & miro modo
 Rubore nimio pallet ab tandem nimis.
 Et ipse palles, spiritus tanquam duos
 Animaret unus, incipis primum mori,
 Docesq; natum, qui patrizavit nimis,
 Nimiumq; monstrat inadolem promptam suam;

Eccl.

Leto vel ipso, gaudet & discens mort.
 Campana magna sonuit & nato, & tibi,
 Ambosq; genuit ipsa secretò tamen,
 Horamq; Nonam facta iam fallax boat,
 Mortemq; pariter, timuit hanc palam loqui.
 Dormite tandem, non Magistratus opus
 Autoritate est, ambulat tantum dolor;
 Turgensq; factus quisq; iam lachrymis suis
 Inebriatur, gemitus Epicuros facit.
 Solare iam te, fortiter tandem gemas,
 Solare coniugem, ecce qui vicit necem;
 Spes germinantes, & reuiuentes duos
 Vno videbis, corpore & mentem gerens
 Geminatam in uno, fiet Henricus tibi
 Fraterq; & ipse, cerasa tam fratri mala
 Labris in ipsis gestat, atq; eius potest
 Imago mortis esse, qui vita volet.

Epitaphium.

Hoc situs in tumulo est, pro quo lapis insitus ille
 Marmoris in lachrymas quisq; solutus erit.
 Canus doctrinā est, annis quam parvus! at istos
 Quos natura negat tradidit ipse sibi.
 Nobilitans stirpem virtutum fænore, & haeres
 Patris opum merito, qui pietatis erat,
 Occidit Oxonij, iacet hic; terra ista gemiscit
 Ereptum, quem sic hæc habuisse dolet.
 Debuit at luctus tam publicus esse, iacere
 Vno non poterat tanta querela loco.

Posuit officiis ergo
 Geor. Aglionby, Art. Bac.
 E 2 Vpon

Vpon the vntimely death of the Right Noble
 Gentleman, Master *John Stanhope*, Sonne and
 Heire to the Right Honourable *Philip*
 Lord *Stanhope*, Baron of
Shelford.

SO great, so good, and yet so soone to dye :
 Sure, there was Godhead in's mortality,
 Of which the greedy heauens, enuying the earth,
 Snatcht to themselues, leauing to vs a dearth
 Of goodnesse, of vertue a meere penury ;
 Blasting the hope of an vnstain'd family :
 Vnstain'd, and free from such grand villanies
 Which poison Honour, hee knew none of these
 Hereditary euils, and crimes which some
 As 'twere essentiall bring, eu'en from their wombe :
 But like to Demi-gods, all his Progeny
 Were good, and honest, innocent as hee :
 Hee, whose refined soule goodnesse alone
 Ingrost, clayming each vertue as his owne :
 Who with his other-selfe did still appeare,
 Like to the Twins in heauen, and shone as cleare :
 No cloudy vice did e're eclipse their light,
 They shone by day as th'other doe by night ;
 And as they were, so did they Brothers proue,
 But not so much by Nature, as by Loue.
 Whose sharpest anger ne're did mooue their blood,
 The strife was onely which should bee most good :
 Thus curious Nature stroue to shew her Art
 In these, giuing two bodies, but one heart.

And

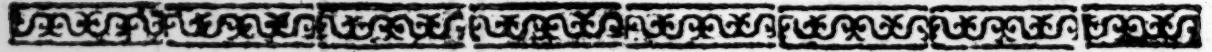
And such an heart which each would sacrifice,
 To dry the teares flowing from eithers eyes.
 Mee thinks I see when one diseased lay,
 The others loue steale the disease away ;
 And when his sickenesse broke foorth of the skinne,
 With what resolued loue hee strooke it in,
 To free his Brother, and to bee sure at last
 Rather then faile, hee'd perish by the taste
 Of fruit enuy'ng his cheekes, seeming to bee
 Th'vnhappy fruit of a forbidden tree.
 By which perceiuing death to hasten on,
 Hee breath'd out prayers with such deuotion,
 That his religious Father doubtfull stood,
 If hee should liue, or die, hee died so good.
 Whose blest departure prou'd him thus to bee,
 Full ripe for heauen in his infancy.

Row. Crosbey, Art. Bac.

To tell our losse, so well to each man knowne,
 Were to lament our selues, not him that's gone:
 That were to cry out helpe to those that lye
 By the same griefe dead to eternity.
 Alas ! that men may fully vnderstand
 Whom 'tis they lose, requires thy braine, thy hand.
 But since th'art gone, and wee cannot relate
 Thy worth so liuely, yet let's imitate
 Thy life, by one that's left vs, for no other
 So perfect is, as thou art in thy Brother.
 For what thing was it, thou enioyd'st aliue,
 That thou didst not impart or wholy giue
 Vnto thy Brother, hee againe as true
 Thought himself then most blest, when most like you.

And of this loue there euer was such shew,
 As it was thought they would haue both dy'd too.
 Perchance he ate the Cherries, for to make
 Himselfe red-colour'd for his brothers sake.
 But O vnhappy triall ! they did proue
 Too crafty farre, for his well-meaning loue.
 Did we not lose enough when *Adam* fell
 By thee, curst Fruit : but thou must longer still
 Produce our miseries, and when w'are best,
 By tempting one must murther all the rest.
 Was he too good for Earth, & did heau'n call
 To haue him there, so that he needs must fall?
 If so, tis well ; for it was equity,
 Mankind and hee by the same Fate should dye.
 But though th'art dead, thy memorie suruiues,
 And thy good deeds shall out-last others liues.

Guliel. Buckner, Art. Bac.


 D_Epositum (Stanhope) tuum (memorande) supremum,
 Ipse pater patriâ concumulauit humo.
 Nec licuit feretro nobis suspendere Carmen,
 Nec Trentâ lachrymas annumerare tuo.
 Nostra tamen similes lacrymarum Nympha lacunas
 Hauriet, & Trentâ non minor Isis erit.

W_Eepe, weepe, your sorrowes are well paid,
 'Tis a *Stanhope* here is laid.
 You that see this Monument,
 And cannot at this sight lament,
 The conscious Marble will you shew,
 How to discharge your comely woe.

Either

Either you may th' occasion fit,
 By melting into teares like it :
 Or if you punish not your eye,
 By weeping, cause it fatally
 Behold his Tombe, then may you mone,
 By standing stupid, like the stone.
 Yet both these sorrowes are well paid,
 'Tis a Stanhope here is laid.

Guli. Treshans, Equitis Aurat. Filius.

Immis properare necem Libittina, potirt
 Dum tanto exoptat coniuge, fata iubet.
 Spiritus, ingenium, genius, decor oris, & ortus
 Stemmatia quem celebrant, amula fata prema^{st.}
 Indole maturum flos indolis abstulit, illum,
 Dam numerat laudes, quis negat esse senem ?
 Non aui brenitato fuit fraudata tropaeis
 Gloria, cum fuerit copia nulla nouis.
 Laude viget, cuius fraterna videtur imago
 Accipere & parili reddere fata vice.

In Canem coelestem : eò quod circa initium
 dierum Canicularium mortuus sit.

Lege nimis durā funebria iusta referre
 Icarij cogis feruida stella canis.
 Icaria peiora precor tibi fata ruina,
 Dum tua sic lachrymas sorbet anhela sitis.

Petrus Tryon, Armig. Fil. nat. max.

In

In Variolarum luem qua interijt.

Hoc Iauuenem placido decus immortale Sepulchro
 Aspice, qui viuens immaculatus erat.
 Dixissem si non fera Mors, morbig; perosi
 Polluerant, moriens immaculatus erat.
 Ah Læthi crudele genus, cum tetrica vultus
 Absulit, & tenero sauit in ore lues !
 Dulcia deformes ederunt oscula morbi,
 Nec data sunt auido pura labella rogo.
 Tam celeri si seua gradu ventura fuissent,
 Nonne alia poterant fata venire via ?
 Sed Mors seua decus properauit perdere vultus,
 Ne posset duras flectere forma Deas.

Tis not Nobility that is of force,
 To stop the Progresse of this Tyrants course ;
 Nor mortall can vnto himselfe assume
 A sparke of time, when Fate hath past her doome.
 So fraile are all Earths momentary things ;
 That Death a Tribute claimes of greatest Kings :
 But Death hath had her pay, and he his. Crowne,
 Where neither Death can strike, nor Fate can frown.

Gul. Pennyman Armig. filius natu
 max. Ex Æde Christi.

Wert not that dayly spectacles deny
 A difference betweene Nobility
 And other Pigmy Mortals, good and bad,
 The old and young, we iust occasion had,
 Of admiration, when we doe behold

Thee

Thee so good, young, and noble, vnder mould.
 But when the Graues and Sepulchres we view,
 We turne our admiration from you,
 Not wondring that a life so short you led,
 But that our selues haue spun so large a thred
 Of our Mortality, when all places see
 Some dye continually ; so that we
 Need draw our neuer-discontinued teares
 Vnto the Period of our latest yeeres.
 Here one fall's sicke, and dyes, & there another,
 Griefe for whose death, killeth, perhaps, his Brother,
 Father, or Mother : so it far'd with thee :
 For not thou onely, but a Family
 Did seeme in thee to die, for loe, thy Father,
 Secure of any worse mishap, had rather
 Suffer himselfe some perill, than that death
 Before his comming, should cloze vp thy breath.
 He comes, and iourneying thrice with humble kace
 Fall's to the Earth, yet being vtterly
 Insensible of this, through the great fire,
 Kindled by Loue, obtaineth his desire.
 Thy Mother, fearing that thy houre was come,
 Striues to bring forth another in thy roome ;
 And so with motherly compassion, loth
 To lose the one, endangereth you both.
 Thy Brother of thy Fortune æmulous,
 Striues to preuent thee, whose ingenuous
 Loue and good-will to thee did then appeare,
 When thy last houre did shew he held thee deare.
 He faine to heauen would thy fore-runner bee,
 And there prouide place for himselfe and thee.
 Wherefore he often offers willingly,
 Ransome to pay for thy deliuery ;

And on condition thou maist here remaine,
 Dyes often, but deny'd, reviues againe
 To his great grieve, at last, when nought would doe,
 Cryes out, and saies, Shall we be parted too?
 Tis true, you must awhile, yet weepe no more,
 Since all your teares will not his life restore:
 Then since your weeping can't recall him gone,
 Waile not his death, seeke to preuent your owne.

Ad defuneti fratrem.

Defunctus foret ipse sibi tantæ indolis hæres,
 Si possent iustæ flectere fata preces.
 Sed Natura negat: cui munera tanta relinquet,
 Cùm nuda Elysios umbra pererret agros?
 Deuouet hac fratri: hunc hæredem ex aſſe reliquit,
 Quem socium tantæ Nobilitatis habet.
 Viue tibi & fratri, duplicem sortitus honorem
 Sisq; hæres illi moribus ingenio.

Thomas Ballowe, Alumnus.

An Heire, and dead? must some erected Tombe
 Cloze in the bowels of an earthly wombe,
 Stanhopes great Heire? must it a Trophy bee
 Of his decease? boast we in misery?
 Are these the Lands that he was borne vnto?
 To lye dead in some Ephrons Field of woe?
 O tell me, Death, why is he turn'd to dust?
 Wilt thou plead Fates decree, and cry, He must?
 Is thy best reason a necessity,
 Or grounded Maxime in Philosophy?
 He was not old, for age he did not dye,

Nor

Nor was the onely cause Mortality :
 This was the chiefest reason he deceast,
 Thy hunger was ingenuous, and to feast
 Was thy desire, thou'rt not picke the bone
 Of some Anatomy or Skeleton :
 As for a Carkasse hanging in the Ayre,
 Halfe eaten vp by Time, thou dost not care.
 The Wormes are Epicures, whose enuious strife,
 Deuoures that Carkasse that had giuen them life ;
 Nor can I blame them that they so doe eate,
 Though hee's a Course, yet is he dainty meat.

Eduard. Price, Alumnus.

I Thinke it is a policie in Death,
 To take the young, and spare the aged breath.
 Nature's the bane of old men ; Times decree
 Sends them a packing ; Death, they need not Thee ;
 Thou onely seru'st to crop our tender yeeres,
 To draw from Parents eyes abortiue teares ;
 Thou letst them liue, their children tak'st away,
 Knowing that sorrow will be their decay ; find
 But Death, pale, enuious Death ! how could'st thou
 Out the sweet picture of so pure a mind ?
 Me thinkes, although thy bloody Dart were steele'd
 With thy sad purpose ; yet it must needs yeeld,
 To see the Father melting into teares,
 His sad acquaintance, and his Brothers feares ;
 Who sent as many sighes vnto the Pole,
 As might haue made, or else excus'd a soule.
 The Roome mournd where he lay, the weeping stones
 Ioyn'd with his friends in their relenting mones.

Death migt haue well mistaken, being sent
 For one, to see so many that wayes bent ;
 The Father three times offerd to haue payd
 Him-selfe for his Sonnes ransome ; had Death stayd
 His hasty hand , hee had found many more
 That had bin fitter to haue payd this score.
 Alas, he was but in the blossom yet
 Of tender yeeres, though aged for his wit :
 Hee had some insight into euery Art,
 That to *Nobility* naught adde a part :
 His Parents reapt as much ioy from his spring,
 As many childrens Haruest home doth bring.

But hee is fled away to passe the time
 Hee ow'd to vs, in a farre better Clime :
 There shall his Summer and his Haruest bee,
 Where hee shall neuer any Winter see.

Then, Parents, grieue no more ; for he's in ioy ;
 Doubt not ; wipe yours ; his teares are wip't away.
 Death tells mee, he was old enough to die,
 And young enough to liue eternally.

Geruase Warmstrey, Alumnus.

What fatall booke is this, which doth declare,
 That Noble *Stanhope's* house has lost her heyre ?
 A Sermon preach'd at *Shelford* ! ah, tis so,
Stanhope is layd in Earth, these lines of woe,
 Demonstrate he is dead : yet stay, wer't he,
 Oxford would put on sorrowes liuery,
 Each Colledge mourne in ashes, every Hall
 Looke like the Embleme of a Funerall.
 Christ-church would sink in ruine, were he gon,

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On whom shee built her hopes foundation.
 Dulnesse has seaz'd vpon me: can I reade
 That vertue's slaine, yet judge not *Stanhope* dead?
 Betweene which two there was such league, that or
 Could not subsist, the other beeing gon.
 In Churches why should Death triumph, and bee
 Hanging vp Banners of her victory?
 What siege of Honour has shee won? Is't all,
 That shee has payd to Fate one Funerall?
 And that of feeble youth? yong *Stanhope* dyes,
 'Cause else shee knowes not where to tyrannize.
 It had beene Justice, if some hoary head
 Had felt this deadly dart and perished.
 To bee vniust, is Death's iust attribute:
 For shee did murder him, not execute.
 But why should wee her murders thus relate?
 Death's but the Executioner of Fate.
 Fate was to blame, whose too too greedy hand
 Did breake his thred of life, as loth to stand
 The leisure for to cut it with her sheeres,
 And so at once rob'd him of many yeeres.
 This is not all: his theft's farre greater yet,
 In robbing him, Fate rob'd vs all of wit.
 For *Stanhope* might haue liu'd a worke to raise,
 Which mought frō *Sydney*'s Temples pluck the Bayes,
 At least haue equall'd him: such hopes his braine
 Did promise to the world to bring againe.
 But wee haue lost him: strangers which but heare
 How good he was, are forc't to shead a teare;
 Well may his Father say, hee is vndone,
 Hee onely knew the worth of such a Sonne:
 Let others thinke it strange that grieve should bee,
 As bold as death to worke a Tragedy;

Thrice did his Father sound, as if his Ghost
 Would take a Farewell of his son that's lost ;
 Yet wher's your wonder here? at such a sight
 I would not think it strange to dy outright.
 So would hee, but one Death cannot suffice
 T'expresse his grieve, therefore hee after dyes,
 And could his sorrowe quit his son from Death,
 Hee'd neuer leauue to grieue, whilst he had breath.

Will. Hemmings, Alumnus.

Triste onus Hexaphori, mæstæg; Epicedi turbæ,
 Inuitant lachrymas ore madente pias;
 Occidit alma Hebe, patris spes, gloria fratum,
 Qui partu primus, funere primus erat:
 Vendicat hanc Natura, hanc mæsta Academia prolem,
 Arsq; suam petit hanc, Nobilitasq; suam,
 Laurea cum mæsca certat numerosa Cupresso,
 Charta istos cineres, et leuis vrna petunt:
 Sed de virgineo ne sit discordia vultu,
 Mors citius prædam vendicat atra suam:
 Igne crepant gemmæ, Domini noctescit ocellus,
 Huic gemmæ nusquam gemma superstes erit
 Pingues, quos tantum capiti mœdo sparsit, odores
 Iam caput, et plantas, corpus, et omne linant,
 Sed tamen unguento meliori funera lauit,
 Dum soluit nimijs imbribus ora parens,
 At toti lachrymæ non suffecere dolori;
 Pars erat in vultu; plus tamen intùs erat,
 Quid miserande Pater langues, animoq; liquefcis?
 Cur fugit exanimis, membra supina crux?
 Siste Pater gemitus, et vitæ parce ruenti,
 Vitam non satis est huic tribuisse semel?

Pace

Pace tuâ valeant manes, permitte quietem,
 Et præter famam, murmura nulla sonent;
 Manibus Augustis non pandit Cerberus aulam,
 Iam canis aethereus regnat, & astra parat.

In Eundem.

Hic & splendidius decus Parentū,
 Orta & stemmate nobili propago,
 Funestum posuit citò cadauer,
 Et compagine spiritus soluta,
 Languentis malè corporis fauilla
 Extincta est. Lachrymas mouent sorores
 Et mæstæ Tragico sonant boato,
 Dum Paræ indociles fauore flecti
 Prima stamina dissecant iuuentæ:
 Quis non exequijs liquefcat istis
 Et fati scelus improbet seueri?
 Sed fundant Tetricæ minas sorores,
 Non condet Libitina seuia Famam;
 Vita perfruitur beatiori,
 Extentoq; diu superstes ævo,
 Vitam artis trahit, & sepulchraridet.
 O pectus iuuenis Vale quietum:
 Solennes feretri regos superbi,
 Dum plaudit famulante musa cantu,
 Et cætus iuuenum modestiorum.
 O sit terra tibi leuis. (Precamur)
 Terra tam leuis antè, qui fuisti.

Franciscus Minne, Alumnus.

Anne

A Nne ego te Iuuenem (Stanhope) putabo Senemne ?
 Cuius verna dies, gloria cana fuit !
 Cuius & in decimâ vix quinta æstate senectus
 Imperat, & puerum non puerum esse sinit ?
 Sic non iustus eras, non fortis, doctus ad Annos :
 Sed potuit virtus præcipitare dies ;
 Non data longa tibi est, facta est longissima vita :
 Nec viuendo brevis, sed moriendo fuit.

Iohannes Donne, Alumnus.

Nobilis atq; sagax, properæ virtutis alumnus ;
 Et patris, & patriæ gloria prima suæ,
 Occidit impubis ; raptus trieteride quinta ;
 Eheu, quam Parcas iam rapuisse pudet !
 Videre ut multa canum virtute sorores,
 Crediderant, viridis qui fuit, esse senem.

DEATH; alas, could none but hee
 Suffice thy greedy Tyranny ?
 Wel thou knowst that thousands more
 Long haue run vpon thy score ;
 And with all humility,
 Yeeld themselues as due a fee.
 Thy subtile cruelty is spide,
 Whilst in one a thousand dy'de :
 Hadst thou tane Achilles Dart,
 Strucke, and then releas'd that smart ;
 Thou hadst done well : Once or twice
 It was thy sport to let him rise
 Out of his Bed : Now he stray'd
 Too farre with thee, now he stay'd.

So Apollo flew his friend
 Hyacinthe against his minde,
 Whil'st the Quoit that he had thrown,
 Smote his gentle Play-mate downe.
 Grieue not then for him that's gone,
 See; Death's sorry for what's done:
 Let no cryes oppresse your eares,
 Dry, O dry distilling teares;
 What though honour, vertue, grace,
 Though Nobilty of race,
 By the fatall Dart doth lie
 Subiect to Mortality?
 Let it not torment your minde
 See the Picture's left behinde:
 His Brother, modest, mild, as hee,
 Doth in vertue most agree.
 Aske not for them both together,
 This alone may passe for either.

Martinus Tynley, Alumnus.

Heere, though his spotlesse span-long life be spent,
 Are silent steps to shew where goodnessse went.
 Nature did in such rare compleatnesse make him,
 To shew her Arte, and so away did take him.
 For he was onely to vs wretches lent
 For a short time, to be our President.
 Goods we inherit dayly, and Possession,
 O that in goodnes were the same succession.
 For then before his soule to Heauen he breathed,
 He had to each of vs a part bequeathed

Of his true wealth: and closing thus his eyes,
Would haue inrich'd his Sex with legacies.

Sebastian Smith, Alumnus.

And is he dead? Immortall creature! thou
Whom the proud heauēs sport to immantle now!
Was Death ambitious? must he seaze on thee
In th' Alphabet of thy mortality?
Did hee o'retake thy life? and wast thou got
In ripenesse to be man, when thou wast not?
A stedfast conscience well might shake to see
Vertue at such a pitch, as'twas in thee,
Vntimely cropt. Thy predecessors lie
In marble, not to teach thee Heraldry:
Vertue gaue thee thy name, and made thee bee
Vnto thine owne selfe, thine owne pedegree.
When thou didst liue, thou well didst purify
The drosse of sinne with pious Alchymy;
And in thy time, no Latinist was hee,
That declin'd Vertue by the name of Shee.
Sorrow and teares now fit a blubberd eie,
Twas griefe, to thinke that thou should'st euer die.

Eclipse thy selfe, O thou Diaphanous Light,
Let sable darknesse canopied in Night,
Baptize thee throughly: drawe and suck vp heere
Such Sublunarie moisture to thy Sphere,
That, with a pious prodigie, thy beaines
May transubstantiate themselues to streames,
And beare a part in Sorrow: should'st thou shine,
Wee should haue an Eclipse, although not thine:

Vntill

Vntill his Constellation appeares,
And dries the fertill moisture of our teares :
'Tis this we thirst for : thirst still rauish vs,
Wee will not grieue to be Hydropique thus.

*Vitam relinquis, frueris antequam plena:
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

Thomas Browne, Com.

Hunc quod surripuit mortis lex saea, Deosne
Creditis iratos? fuit hoc sapientia, amorq;;
Numen tam sacrum superi inuidere nefandis,
Tantus inest animis cœlestibus ardor amoris.
Ut te mors perdat (numen mortale) rogauit
Matris opem, tantum haud potuit deuincere sola:
En ipsam mortem inualidam, viresq; petentem
Alterius, mortis non sufficit una potestas.
Sed vixit tandem es, dudum statione peracta,
Excepit gaudente polo te regia cœli.
Viue illic igitur, subiecta q; sydera calca,
Dulce onus Atlanti, tam grato pondere presso
Inuidisse iuuat, luctus hæc vna voluptas.

Non satis in paruas tibi mors saeure tabernas?
Nobilium turres ambitiosa petis?
Improba, coniunctos ne iuuat se iungere fratres,
Quos solum possis corpore, mente ne quis.
Te nimis angustam nostræ sensere querelæ,
Tu sola in nostram non satis inuidiam.

Heu quid iam supereft? fatis nolentibus ipsis,
 Nitemur nomen deripuisse rogi:
 In chartis ipsis accrescit gloria, quodq;
 Dij nollent, ipsi carmina nostra dabunt.
 Nil opus est tumulo, hunc erexit propria virtus,
 Illi cuiusvis pectus erit tumulus.

Eduardus Clunes, Commensalis.

O Utinam possent imitari carmina luctus
 Fraternos, feretro ut sint ea digna tuo:
 Non illo melius quisquam lugere, tuame:
 Quis poterat fato nobiliore frui.
 Inuidiosa alijs hac gloria mortis, eritq;
 Talis abhinc luctus ambitiosus honor.

Euan. Seys, Commensalis.

I'st the reward of vertue to become,
 The subiect of vntinuely Martyrdome?
 No sooner can wee put on honesty,
 But grimme death darts at our mortality.
 Did not death lately act this tragicke part,
 In butchering the innocentest heart,
 That hee ere hit? who beeing truly good,
 Thought vertue made him nobler then his bloud.
 T'was but the wit of death to kill him now
 In's infancy, when like a tender bough,
 Hee might him this or that way bend at pleasure;

Had

Had hee prorogu'd his end, and lent him leasure,
 To nurse his free-borne vertues, sturdy death
 Had not with ease suckt out his vitall breath.
 Though young in yeeres hee was, yet old in good,
 To shew, that goodnes not in old age stood :
 His age and body told vs hee was yong,
 His courage, prou'd him old, and witty tongue.
 T'was not one combat with our enemy,
 (Which like grasse mowes downe our mortality)
 That could subdue his courage, hee had two,
 To shew, that more then mortalls hee could doe.
 When t'was suppos'd from vs hee was departed,
 Hee streight reuiu'd (and so seem'd double hearted).
 And strongly set on death : but after sent
 His forward soule to th' heau'ly regiment.
 Yet his Ghost walkes, his heyre of what was good,
 His liuing Sepulcher , by whose hot blood
 Our teares dry vp : in this reioyce wee may,
 That partiall death tooke not them both away.

Et moritur virtus? hoc viuida Musa negauit.
Hic iacet ille suis qui vidit sæcula cunis,
Grandeusq; puer : quem sat vixisse Sorores
Senserunt, cum vix tentasset uiuere ; tantis
Noster abundauit virtutibus alter Apollo.
Sacratos cuius cineres licet hec breuis vrna
Contineat, vix terra animam, cæliue tenerent.
Non rabida mortis tormentam hebetaret amorem,
Qui castam effundens animam, sic voce locutus,
Viae tuo, frater, nostro quoq; tempore viue.

Henry Pastilew, Alumnus.

Vpon the Measels.

Vhy did our Ancestors in former time,
 Account it for a grand detected crime,
 To feed on Swines-flesh? What great worke might be
 The cause of that so strange Antipathie?
 Could that commanding Miracle you knowe
 Amongst the *Gadarens*, amaze them so?
 Would that same stiffe-neck'd race, for such a sight,
 Torture their stomake and their Appetite?
 'Twas not the Beast they loath'd, her durty haire
 Could not pollute her flesh, nor did they care
 Where she did wallow last, but surely these
 Abhorr'd them first for that corrupt disease
 They still inherit; and this cause alone,
 May well excuse their superstition.
 Sure, were thy sicknesse and disease but knowne,
 And how thou diedst of their infection,
 They would be curst euen now, and wisht the fate
 That those two thousand had; nay men would hate
 Their very name; And this vnhappy newes
 It were enough to make vs all turne Iewes.

JOHN STANHOPE
Anagrama.
 NO HOPE IN HAST.

Haste spoileth hope whilst after hope he flies,
 Haste giues the fall, and here on ground he lyes.

Will. Kitchen, Commen.

De

De tempore Comitiorum OXONIENSIVM
in quibus mortuus est.

Fallax vita hominis, nimisq; fallax ;
 Quidni fabula? quæ breuis, minuta est,
 Quæ toto tenet, occupatq; cursu
 Aetus quinque sed OPTIMIS negatos.
 Quænam istud noua crimen execrandum
 Parcis addita Parca perpetravit?
 Aut quo? quo properas Amor Parentum
 Phœbœ pulchrior & sorore Phœbi ?
 Eheu ! fabula, quæ breuis, minuta,
 Festinata tibi est : tibi merenti
 Cornicis vetulae quater senectam ;
 Interrupta tibi est ; & in * secundo
 Aetu (non redditurus) exiisti.

Hen. Elsynge, Armig. Fil. natu
 max. Commensalis.

STANOPUM PRIMÂ RAPUIT MORS ATRA IUVENTÂ,
 Delicias vestri (turba novena) chorj.
 Si quem fortè mori vetuerunt carmina Musæ,
 Nunc venam & vires Castalis unda probet.
 Qui desunt vitæ numerentur laudibus anni
 Sic fiet manes, & sine morte cimis.

Dic quibus in terris cœlum capit urna? STANOPUM
 Hac quâ parte iacet mersa fanilla. sapis.

Quid parios lapides & marmora sacra paratis?
 Quem nemo deflet, Pyramis ista decet,
 Stillant Heliades, stillant Electra Camænæ,
 Ut tegat exanimem succina gemma cutem.
 Sic decuit clarum tumulo lucere STANOPUM
 Qui vixit nostræ Sydus honosq; togæ.

Πρώτον Σαδμικαίονταν γαλλίν χάρμα θεοῖς
 Κάλα δύοισιν γαλλίν χάρμα θεοῖς
 Σταύρου σκεπή θαύταν ἐκάλυψεν ὁμιχλή
 Οὐ σεικλήσον λαμψατο πᾶσι γένος.
 Οὐδεὶς πότιμω κλεος, αἰδως, δύναος αὐλισθόρ.
 Πάντοι θημέρες αὐγλαῖη τε βίσ.
 Ήδεος τερπεν αὐδας ἔχων πολυκυδίος ἕντος
 Θεωροῖσιν σιλεων ἐν χαείτεαι θαύτη.
 Ουπότε λαμπερτέραν θαύταν μόρες πέρητο τίκλων,
 Ή τόσα αμφὶ κορυν διοπεφία λαχάν.

Io. Wall, Sa. The. Dr.
 ex Æd. Ch.

Of the transportation of his Corps from
Oxford to Shelford in a Coach.

Here Charon Coach-man, gently waft frō Thames
To Trent, this Body : iog him not ; he dreames
Now of *Eliah's* Charriot, and a Paire
Of Angels drawing him along the Aire,
In stead of Horse. Innocence may not feele
The Iustice of a Purgatorie wheele.

I prethee vse him gently : I resigne
Into thy hands a thing, that whilst twas mine,
Deseru'd the curt'sie, if th'adst pau'd the way
boughes or rushes ; as the Iewes, the day
he Passion, did entertaine

Jerusalem, for him home againe.

Then, goe before, let vs diuide
rankes, and I will ride

ward ; now or ne're we goe

Vnto our Pilgrimage of woe :

For we dot all : He that shall aske

Me who is dead, doth put me to a Taske

I cannot answere well ; yet, if we know

Effect by Cause, and demonstration shew

A necessary Consequence ; I guesse,

The King, not's Father, had the losse, no lesse,

(If the Natiuitie be cast of's breeding)

Honour can follow so direct Proceeding.

Were I not tongue-tide, or some reference

Muzled my Pen from telling of the sence

Of this young Mystery, I could read who

Remembred God in's youth, and neuer knew

How to run out in *Oxford*, nor th' expence
 Of Sinne or Money, 'les 'twere to dispence
 Vnto the Poore. You that dispute the Case
 Of Mans Saluation, thinking it a grace
 To vse a neat distinction, learne to doe
 Of him, that learn'd the *Theorie* of you.

Hark, the Bells ring, away, peace dolefull sound,
 Let vs enjoy our woes, doe not confound
 Still Passions with loud Musick: yet ring on,
 Helpe to make vp solemne Procescion,
 Now is Rogation weeke. Here *Oxford* ends:
 And here *Northampton*-shire: *Lester* extends
 It selfe vnto this Bridge, and then we be
 Riding along in *Nottingham*: A Tree,
 Though young, yet wither'd, did distinguish on
 Another was distinguish't by a Stone,
 Fit for an Epitaph. Here I sow'd a Teare
 Which I will reape againe when I come
 Thus euery thing's an Emblem that wi
 To represent to vs our misery.
 The poore o'th Parishes accompan
 Vs in our Progresse, and as lowd d
 Vnto, as for the dead: and son. a low
 Drowne their Religion, calling 'd aboue,
 (As if the dead their Prayers did auake)
 To blesse the Burden that we goe with all.
 Thus we found pittie, though we found no ease;
 And Trauelling will seldome bring release.
 For Care will be a Horse-man. Now I'ue grieu'd
 Threescore and ten, to *Shelford*, and haue liu'd
 The date of Man in Miles; the surplufage,
 Like *Dauids*, is a trouble, not an Age.

I. Hodsdon.

F I N I S.

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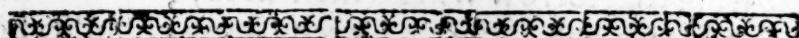
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 Him-selfe for his Sonnes ransome ; had Death stayd
 His hasty hand , hee had found many more
 That had bin fitter to haue payd this score.
 Alas, he was but in the blossom yet
 Of tender yeeres, though aged for his wit :
 Hee had some insight into euery Art,
 That to *Nobility* might adde a part :
 His Parents reapt as much ioy from his spring,
 As many childrens Haruest home doth bring.

But hee is fled away to passe the time
 Hee ow'd to vs, in a farre better Clime ;
 There shall his Summer and his Haruest bee,
 Where hee shall neuer any Winter see.

Then, Parents, gricue no more ; for he's in ioy ;
 Doubt not ; wipe yours ; his teares are wip't away.
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 At least haue equall'd him: such hopes his braine
 Did promise to the world to bring againe.
 But wee haue lost him: strangers which but heare
 How good he was, are forc't to shread a teare;
 Well may his Father say, hee is vndone,
 Hee onely knew the worth of such a Sonne:
 Let others thinke it strange that griefe should bee,
 As bold as death to worke a Tragedy;

Thrice did his Father sound, as if his Ghost
 Would take a Farewell of his son that's lost ;
 Yet wher's your wonder here? at such a sight
 I would not think it strange to dy outright.
 So would hee, but one Death cannot suffice
 T'expresse his grieve, therefore hee after dyes,
 And could his sorrowe quit his son from Death,
 Hee'd neuer leauue to grieue, whilst he had breath.

Will. Hemmings, Alumnus.

Triste onus Hexaphori, mæstæq; Epicedia turbæ,
 Inuitant lachrymas ore madente pias ;
 Occidit alma Hebe, patris spes, gloria fratum,
 Qui partu primus, funere primus erat :
 Vendicat hanc Natura, hanc mæsta Academia prolem,
 Arsq; suam petit hanc, Nobilitasq; suam,
 Laurea cum mæsca certat numerosa Cupresso,
 Charta istos cineres, et leuis vrna petunt :
 Sed de virgineo ne sit discordia vultu,
 Mors citius pradam vendicat atra suam :
 Igne crepent gemmae, Domini noctescit ocellus,
 Huic gemma nusquam gemma superstes erit
 Pingues, quos tantum capiti modo sparxit, odores
 Iam caput, et plantas, corpus, et omne linant,
 Sed tamen vnguento meliori funera lauit,
 Dum soluit nimijs imbribus ora parens,
 At toti lachrymae non suffecere dolori ;
 Pars erat in vultu ; plus tamen intus erat,
 Quid miserande Pater langues, animoq; liquefscis ?
 Cur fugit exanimis, membra supina crux ?
 Siste Pater gemitus, et vita parce ruenti, ||
 Vitam non satis est huic tribuisse semel ?

Pace tuâ valeant manes, permitte quietens,
 Et præter famam, murmura nulla sonent;
 Manibus Augustis non pandit Cerberus aulam,
 Iam canis aethereus regnat, & astra parat.

In Eundem.

Hic & splendidius decus Parentū,
 Orta & stemmate nobili propago,
 Funestum posuit citò cadauer,
 Et compagine spiritus soluta,
 Languentis male corporis fauilla
 Extincta est. Lachrymas mouent sorores
 Et mæsta Tragico sônant boato,
 Dum Parce indociles fauore flecti
 Prima stamina dissecant iuuentæ:
 Quis non exequijs liquefacat istis
 Et fati scelus improbet seueri?
 Sed fundant Tetricæ minas sorores,
 Non condet Libitina seuia Famam;
 Vita perfruitur beatiori,
 Extentoq; diu superstes aeo,
 Vitam artis trahit, & sepulchraridet.
 O pectus iuuenis Vale quietum:
 Solennes feretri rogos superbi,
 Dum plaudit famulante musa cantu,
 Et cætus iuueniū modestiorum.
 O sit terra tibi leuis (Prestamur)
 Terra tam leuis ante, qui fuisti.

Franciscus Minne, Alumnus.

Anne

A Nne ego te Iuuenem (Stanhope) putabo Senemue ?
 Cuius verna dies, gloria cana fuit !
 Cuius & in decimâ vix quinta estate senectus
 Imperat, & puerum non puerum esse sinit ?
 Sic non iustus eras, non fortis, doctus ad Annos :
 Sed potuit virtus precipitare dies ;
 Non data longa tibi est, facta est longissima vita :
 Nec viuendo brevis, sed moriendo fuit.

Iohannes Donne, Alumnus.

N Obilis atq; sagax, propera virtutis alumnus ;
 Et patris, & patriæ gloria prima sue,
 Occidit impubis ; raptus trieteride quinta ;
 Eheu, quam Parcas iam rapuisse pudet !
 Videre ut multa canum virtute sorores,
 Crediderant, viridis qui fuit, esse senem.

DEATH; alas, could none but hee
 Suffice thy greedy Tyranny ?
 Wel thou knowst that thousands more
 Long haue run vpon thy score ;
 And with all humility,
 Yeeld themselues as due a fee.
 Thy subtile cruelty is spide,
 Whilst in one a thousand dy'de :
 Hadst thou tane Achilles Dart,
 Strucke, and then releas'd that smart ;
 Thou hadst done well : Once or twice
 It was thy sport to let him rise
 Out of his Bed : Now he stray'd
 Too farre with thee, now he stay'd.

So Apollo flew his friend
Hyacinthe against his minde,
 Whil'st the Quoit that he had thrown ;
 Smote his gentle Play-mate downe.
 Grieue not then for him that's gone,
 See; Death's sorry for what's done :
 Let no cryes oppresse your eares,
 Dry, O dry distilling teares;
 What though honour, vertue, grace,
 Though Nobility of race,
 By the fatall Dart doth lie
 Subiect to Mortality?
 Let it not torment your minde
 See the Picture's left behinde :
 His Brother, modest, mild, as hee,
 Doth in vertue most agree.
 Aske not for them both together,
 This alone may passe for either.

Martinus Tynley, Alumnus.


Heere, though his spotlesse span-long life be spent,
 Are silent steps to shew where goodnessse went.
 Nature did in such rare compleatnesse make him,
 To shew her Arte, and so away did take him.
 For he was onely to vs wretches lent
 For a short time, to be our President.
 Goods we inherit dayly, and Possession,
 O that in goodnes were the same succession.
 For then before his soule to Heauen he breathed,
 He had to each of vs a part bequeathed

C

Of

Of his true wealth : and closing thus his eyes,
Would haue inrich'd his Sex with legacies.

Sebastian Smith, Alumnus.

And is he dead ? Immortall creature ! thou
Whom the proud heauēs sport to immantle now !
Was Death ambitious ? must he seaze on thee
In th' Alphabet of thy mortality ?
Did hee o'retake thy life ? and wast thou got
In ripenesse to be man, when thou wast not ?
A stedfast conscience well might shake to see
Vertue at such a pitch, as'twas in thee,
Vntimely cropt. Thy predecessors lie
In marble, not to teach thee Heraldry :
Vertue gaue thee thy name, and made thee bee
Vnto thine owne selfe, thine owne pedegree.
When thou didst liue, thou well didst purify
The drosse of sinne with pious Alchymy ,
And in thy time, no Latinist was hee,
That declin'd Vertue by the name of Shee.
Sorrow and teares now fit a blubberd eie,
Twas grieve, to thinke that thou should'st euer die.

Eclipse thy selfe, O thou Diaphanous Light,
Let sable darknesse canopied in Night,
Baptize thee throughly : drawe and suck vp heere
Such Sublunarie moisture to thy Sphere,
That, with a pious prodigie, thy beaines
May transubstantiate themselues to stremes,
And beare a part in Sorrow : should'st thou shine,
Wee should haue an Eclipse, although not thine :

Vntill

Vntill his Constellation appeares,
And dries the fertill moisture of our teares :
'Tis this we thirst for : thirst still rauish vs,
Wee will not grieue to be Hydropique thus.

*Vitam relinquis, frueris antequam plenâ :
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires ?*

Thomas Browne, Com.

Hunc quod surripuit mortis lex seu a, Deosne
Creditis iratos? fuit hoc sapientia, amorq;
Numen tam sacrum superi inuidere nefandis,
Tantus inest animis cælestibus ardor amoris.
Ut te mors perdat (numen mortale) rogauit
Matris opem, tantum haud potuit deuincere sola:
En ipsam mortem inualidam, viresq; petentem
Alterius, mortis non sufficit una potestas.
Sed victus tandem es, dudum statione peractâ,
Excepit gaudente polo te regia cœli.
Viue illic igitur, subiectaq; sydera calca,
Dulce onus Atlanti, tam grato pondere presso
Inuidisse iuuat, luctus hac una voluptas.

*Non satis in paruas tibi mors sauire tabernas ?
Nobilium turres ambitiosa petis ?
Improba, coniunctosne iuuat scîungere fratres,
Quos solum possis corpore, mente nequis.
Te nimis angustam nostræ sensere querela,
Tu sola in nostram non satis inuidiam.*

Heu quid iam superest ? fatis nolentibus ipsis,
 Nitetur nomen deripuisse rogis :
 In chartis ipsis accrescit gloria, quodq;
 Dij nolent, ipsi carmina nostra dabunt.
 Nil opus est tumulo, hunc crexit propria virtus,
 Illa cuiusvis pectus erit tumulus.

Eduardus Clunes, Commensalis.

O Vtinam possent imitari carmina luctus
 Fraternos, ferebro ut sint ea digna tuo:
 Non illo melius quisquam lugere, tuue:
 Quis poterat fato nobiliore frui.
 Inuidiosa alijs hac gloria mortis, erit q;
 Talis abhinc luctus ambitiosus honor.

Euan. Seys, Commensalis.

Is't the reward of vertue to become,
 The subiect of vntimely Martyrdome ?
 No sooner can wee put on honesty,
 But grimme death darts at our mortality.
 Did not death lately a^t this tragicke part,
 In butchering the innocentest heart,
 That hee ere hit : who beeing truly good,
 Thought vertue made him nobler then his bloud.
 T'was but the wit of death to kill him now
 In's infancy, when like a tender bough,
 Hee might him this or that way bend at pleasure;

Had

(45)

Had hee prorogu'd his end, and lent him leasure,
 To nurse his free-borne vertues, sturdy death
 Had not with ease suckt out his vitall breath.
 Though young in yeeres hee was, yet old in good,
 To shew, that goodnes not in old age stood :
 His age and body told vs hee was yong,
 His courage, prou'd him old, and witty tongue.
 T'was not one combat with our enemy,
 (Which like grasse mowes downe our mortality)
 That could subdue his courage, hee had two,
 To shew, that more then mortalls hee could doe.
 When t'was suppos'd from vs hee was departed,
 Hee streight reuiu'd (and so seem'd double hearted)
 And strongly set on death : but after sent
 His forward soule to th' heau'ly regiment.
 Yet his Ghost walkes, his heyre of what was good,
 His liuing Sepulcher, by whose hot blood
 Our teares dry vp : in this reioyce wee may,
 That partiall death tooke not them both away.

Et moritur virtus? hoc vivid a Musa negavit.
Hic iacet ille suis qui vidit scacula cunis,
Grandeuusq; puer : quem sat vixisse Sorores
Senserunt, cum vix tentasset uiuere ; tantis
Noster abundauit virtutib; alter Apollo.
Sacratos cuius cin. res licet hac breuis urpa.
Contineat, vix terra animam, caline tenerent.
Non rabida mortis tormentum hebetaret amorem,
Qui castam effundens animam, sic vox locutus,
Vine tuo, frater, nostro quoq; tempore vine.

Henry Pastilew, Alumnus.

Upon the Measels.

W^Hy did our Ancestors in former time,
 Account it for a grand detected crime,
 To feed on Swines-flesh? What great worke might be
 The cause of that so strange Antipathie?
 Could that commanding Miracle you knowe
 Amongst the *Gadarens*, amaze them so?
 Would that same stiffe-neck'd race, for such a sight,
 Torture their stomake and their Appetite?
 'Twas not the Beast they loath'd, her durty haire
 Could not pollute her flesh, nor did they care
 Where she did wallow last, but surely these
 Abhor'd them first for that corrupt disease
 They still inherit; and this cause alone,
 May well excuse their superstition.
 Sure, were thy sicknesse and disease but knowne,
 And how thou diedst of their infection,
 They would be curst euen now, and wisht the fate
 That those two thousand had; nay men would hate
 Their very name; And this vnhappy newes
 It were enough to make vs all turne Iewes.

JOHN STANHOPE
Anagrama.
 No HOPE IN HAST.

Haste spoileth hope whilst after hope he flies,
 Haste giues the fall, and here on ground he lyes.

Will. Kitchen, Commen.

De

De tempore Comitiorum OXONIENSIVM
in quibus mortuus est.

Fallax vita hominis, nimisq; fallax ;
Quidni fabula? qua brevis, minuta est,
Qua toto tenet, occupatq; cursu
Actus quinque sed OPTIMIS negatos.
Quanam istud noua crimen execrandum
Parcis addita Parca perpetrauit?
Aut quo? quo properas Amor Parentum
Phæbo pulchrior & sorore Phæbi?
Eben! fabula, qua brevis, minuta,
Festinata tibi est : tibi merenti
Cornicis vetula quater senectam ;
*Interrupta tibi est ; & in * secundo*
Actu (non redditurus) exiisti.

Hen. Elsynge, Armig. Fil. natu
 max. Commensalis.

STANOPUM PRIMA RAPUIT MORS ATRA IUVENIA,
 Delicias vestri (turba novena) chorj.
 Si quem forte mori vetuerunt carmina Musæ,
 Nunc venam & vires Castalis vnda probet.
 Qui desunt vita numerentur laudibus anni
 Sic fiet manes, & sine morte cimis.

Dic quibus in terris cælum capit urna? STANOPI
 Hac quâ parte iacet mersa fauilla. sapix.

Quid parios lapides & marmora sacra paratis?
 Quem nemo deflet, Pyramis ista decet,
 Stillant Heliades, stillant Eleætra Camene,
 Ut tegat ex animem succina gemma cutem.
 Sic deonit clarum tumulo lucere STANOPUM
 Qui vixit nostra Sydus honosq; toga.

Πρότον θαύμα βρέτων των δέσιν χάρμα θεοῖο
 Καίλα ἀποιειδῶν γὰρ τούτοις ὄλυμπος ἔχει.
 Σταύρων σκεπή θαύτας ἐγένετον ὄμιχλο
 Οὐ σεικλήτον λέμενον πάσι γένος.
 Ως εἶκε πότιμη κλεος, αἰδος, θύμος αὐγεινόρ.
 Παντού θάμερα ἀγαλαῖη τε βίη.
 Ήδεος τερέν αὐθός ἔχων πολυκυδίος ἕπει
 Θεωτοῖς σιλβῶν ἐν χρείτων δανει.
 Ουπίτε λαμπευτέρεσσα δακτύλιος μόρες μέρετον τίκλων,
 Ή τόσα αμφὶ κόσμην διογερήσα λαχάνη.

Io. Wall, Sa. The. Dr.
 ex Æd. Ch.

Of the transportation of his Corps from
Oxford to Shclford in a Coach.

HERE Charon Coach-man, gently waft frō Thames
To Trent, this Body : iog him not ; he dreames
Now of *Eliab's* Charriot, and a Paire
Of Angels drawing him along the Aire,
In stead of Horse. Innocence may not feele
The Iustice of a Purgatorie wheele.
I prethee vse him gently : I resigne
Into thy hands a thing, that whilst twas mine,
Deseru'd the curt'sie, if th'adst pau'd the way
With boughes or rushes ; as the Iewes, the day
Before the Passion, did entertaine
Christ to *Hierusalem*, for him home againe.
On Coach-man, goe before, let vs diuide
Our sorrow into rankes, and I will ride
Weeping i'th rereward ; now or ne're we goe
Vnto our Lady, a Pilgrimage of woe :
For we doe Pennance all : He that shall aske
Me who is dead, doth put me to a Taske
I cannot answere well ; yet, if we know
Effect by Cause, and demonstration shew
A necessary Consequence ; I guesse,
The King, not's Father, had the losse, no lesse,
(If the Natiuitie be cast of 's breeding)
Honour can follow so direct Proceeding.
Were I not tongue-tide, or some reference
Muzled my Pen from telling of the sence
Of this young Mystery, I could read who
Remembred God in's youth, and neuer knew

How to run out in *Oxford*, nor th' expence
 Of Sinne or Money, 'les twere to dispence
 Vnto the Poore. You that dispute the Case
 Of Mans Saluation, thinking it a grace
 To vse a neat distinction, learne to doe
 Of him, that learn'd the *Theorie* of you.
 Harke, the Bells ring, away, peace dolefull sound,
 Let vs enjoy our woes, doe not confound
 Still Passions with loud Musicke: yet ring on,
 Helpe to make vp solemne Processeion,
 Now is Rogation weeke. Here *Oxford* ends:
 And here *Northampton*-shire: *Lester* extends
 It selfe vnto this Bridge, and then we be
 Riding along in *Nottingham*: A Tree,
 Though young, yet wither'd, did distinguish one;
 Another was distinguish't by a Stone,
 Fit for an Epitaph. Here I sow'd a Teare,
 Which I will reapre againe when I come there.
 Thus every thing's an Emblem that we see,
 To represent to vs our misery.
 The poore o'th Parishes accompany
 Vs in our Progresse, and as lowd doe cry
 Vnto, as for the dead: and some in loue
 Drowne their Religion, calling God aboue,
 (As if the dead their Prayers did auaille)
 To blesse the Burden that we goe withall.
 Thus we found pittie, though we found no ease;
 And Trauelling will seldome bring release.
 For Care will be a Horse-man. Now I'ue grieu'd
 Threescore and ten, to *Shelford*, and haue liu'd
 The date of Man in Miles; the surlusage,
 Like *Danids*, is a trouble, not an Age.

L. Hodsdon.

F I N I S.

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Stanhope, M.